

Pull Me Closer, Hold Me Tighter by v_writings

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Other, Reader with unspecified gender

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Original Character(s), Jonathan Byers/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-07-29

Updated: 2017-07-29

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:37:14

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,055

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After Will goes missing, you and Jonathan skip school to go to his father's house to see if you can find him hiding there.

Pull Me Closer, Hold Me Tighter

You can feel the tension coming off of Jonathan in waves, but you can't blame him for that. You feel awful too– but you know your pain is incomparable to his.

His little brother just went missing.

Will just went missing.

You've loved Will from the moment Jonathan first introduced him to you– before you even started dating. He is an amazingly sweet kid, and what's happening is crushing your heart. Still, Jonathan has to be strong when Joyce can't– and you know *you* need to be strong for *him* when he needs you to be. He won't bear this burden alone– there is *no way* on Earth you'll *ever* allow that to happen.

“You don't have to come with me today.” He says as he pulls over in the parking lot of the school. You knew he was going to say that even though you know him well enough to know he really needs you to be with him, because he will *never* put himself first before you. You lean towards him and press a kiss to his cheek before he turns around and lets you kiss him on the lips.

“Of course I do. There's no way in hell I'm letting you go see your dad alone. Besides, I'm all good in the classes I have today so I won't be missing much. Promise.” You say once you pull away. Jonathan rests his forehead against yours and closes his eyes before nodding.

“Thank you.” He whispers, letting out a sigh. “I'll just go hang this and I'll be right back, yeah?” You nod and press one last chaste kiss on his lips before sitting back on your seat.

“I'll be waiting.” He gives you a small, strained smile before exiting the car and heading towards the entrance of the school, leaving you alone with your thoughts.

You stare out the window and see some of your classmates hurrying to get inside because class is about to start, but your mind is elsewhere. You've been wracking your brain trying to

understand *why* or *how* this happened– how could something like this happen in a town where the last bad thing that happened is that an old lady was attacked by a bird who thought her hair was a nest.

You’ve been living in Hawkins for your whole life and so have your parents, and they also are completely shaken by the fact that a little kid– *no*, not just a little kid, *Will*– disappeared without a trace.

This might not be unusual in big towns, *but in Hawkins?* You can feel it deep in your bones that this means more bad things will start approaching very soon.

The car door opens again and Jonathan quickly gets in and puts his seatbelt before starting the engine and driving away– all without saying a word. There’s a small frown on his face that’s accompanied by an expression of confusion, but you want to wait for him to be ready to talk to you about it.

“Nancy talked to me. Said she was sorry about Will.” He finally says when you’re a few blocks away from the school. You were looking out the window and turned to him with a slightly surprised expression.

“That was nice of her.” You comment, shrugging your shoulders.

“I suppose so, but her friends were looking at me all weird while she talked to me.” He says, biting his lip.

“What friends? Barb and...?”

“Steve. Carol. Tommy H.” He replies, running his fingers through his hair as he often does when he feels uncomfortable. Your eyebrows shot up and you scoff, surprised.

“Those *assholes*. I fucking hate them. I swear to God, Carol is the fucking antichrist.” Your voice is completely serious, which may be the reason why Jonathan lets out a laugh before rolling his eyes. You narrow your eyes at him but he just shakes his head before reaching for your hand. He intertwines his fingers with yours before bringing it up to his mouth to kiss it softly.

“Thank you for coming with me. I just–” You rub his knuckles with

your thumb comfortingly and he looks at you for a moment before looking back at the road, but in those seconds you can recognize the emotions pooling in his eyes because it's nothing new— and you're quite used to knowing what Jonathan feels just by looking at him.

I love you. That's what he's saying.

"Of course I came with you." You say dismissively, trying to assure him that he doesn't have to feel guilty, and that you expect *nothing* in return. You're here with him because you love him, and people who love each other are there for the other when they need them.

"It's just that—" He hasn't let go of your hand, instead his grip became a little tighter. "I really needed you and I'm really thankful that you're here." It feels as if the words are being ripped apart from him, because if there's one thing Jonathan isn't, that's selfish. He's the most selfless person you've ever met, and admitting that he needs something for himself has always been hard for him.

"Thank you for telling me that, baby." You say, leaning forward and pressing a kiss to his cheek. "I'm here, always. You know that." He nods and this time it's you who brings your joined hands to your mouth to press a kiss into his fingers. "I love you."

"I love you too." He responds, swallowing thickly and looking a little dazed at your words.

Oh no— you turned him on.

Again.

In the middle of the road.

"Why don't we turn on the radio?" You suggest, trying to distract him from the fact that as you can see in his pants, he has an erection.

"Yeah, let's do that." He replies shortly, and you know *he* knows *you* know he's hard. You would like to help him but doing so while he's driving isn't a good idea, so you're going to help him get rid of it a little differently.

You let go of his hand and search for a station with music that you

both like and after a few seconds you finally find one. You look at Jonathan and find him taking a few deep, calming breaths– which means that he either got rid of his hard-on or is about to.

You remain silent as the song plays and Jonathan seems to regain control of himself again, until your eyes avert to his crotch and you can see that his erection is finally gone.

“So...”

“Don’t say anything.” He says, face turning completely red. You lift up your hands in surrender and try to look as inconspicuous as possible.

“I wasn’t gonna...” You draw out, biting your lip. He turns to you with an expression that clearly says he doesn’t believe you and you give him the most innocent smile you can muster– which isn’t a lot to say. “You just get hard so fucking fast I mean–”

“[Y/N]!” He groans, still as red as a tomato. “I know I do and we both know it’s because I’m crazy about you so let’s just leave it at that for now, please? I’m driving.” You nod while making the motion of a zipper closing over your mouth and he takes a deep breath before focusing completely on the road again.

“Just so you know, you turn me on all the time too, you just don’t notice like I do–”

“[Y/N]!” He moans, slamming his head back into the seat. “Please stop making me hard, you know how I get and I’ll end up crashing the car and killing us both.”

“I’m sorry!” You apologize sincerely, covering your face with both hands. “You know how I love it when you get all needy. I’ll stop, I promise.” You uncover your face to see him taking deep breaths again, and the red of his face is finally subsiding.

He takes a hold of your hand again but leaves them in between you both this time. You rub his arm with your free hand and he looks at you with a small smile. You mouth ‘sorry’ and he quickly presses a kiss to your lips before looking at the road again.

“I love how you make me feel when I’m like that.” He says as you rest your cheek against his arm. “But I can’t focus in anything else and I don’t want to get us killed.”

“I know.” You agree, rubbing his knuckles absentmindedly. After that a comfortable silence settles between you two, save from the music coming out of the stereo.

As you pass the sign at the exit of the city, the song you’re currently listening to comes to an end and is replaced by a new one you know very well.

“I love this song.” You say, lifting your head up from Jonathan’s arm. “Wait, isn’t this the first song you–” The moment you look at him and notice his clenched jaw and tensed shoulders you know that yes, this is the first song of The Clash he made Will listen to. “Jon–”

“It’s fine.” He says, but it’s more than clear that it’s not. You curse inwardly at yourself for choosing this station because he doesn’t deserve this right now, and you can’t help but feel like it’s your fault.

You don’t push him, though, because you know him well enough to recognize the signs he gives you when he wants you to drop a subject, just like he’s doing right now. He closed off, and trying to force him to open up is the *worst* thing you can do.

Jonathan loves to drive during a drizzle. It relaxes him because there is something inherently peaceful about rain falling softly enough that the noise it makes is soft against the roof of his car and very easy to ignore– and also because unlike driving during storms, it isn’t really dangerous.

But to drive with *you* by his side during this weather? This is simply perfect. The warmth of your presence beside him is more than soothing for his current state of mind– even though his worries are not going to go away any time soon. There is a big part of him that simply *knows* that Will isn’t going to be at his dad’s house because that doesn’t make sense– but he also knows that he won’t be able to sleep again until he checks it for himself.

As you near the neighborhood where his father's house is located, Jonathan finds himself looking at you every few seconds. You're looking out the window and it doesn't seem like you noticed he's staring, which is good. He loves looking at you when you're distracted or focused on something; sometimes you start biting your lip or chewing on your thumb absentmindedly and if he has his camera he'll snap a picture of you. He has a whole box filled with them and his favorite is on a frame on his bedside table.

"Are we close?" You ask, turning to him. He simply nods because you're actually already here, and stops his car right across the street of his father's house. "Is this it?"

"Yeah." He answers, stopping the car and looking out the window, but he has no intention to get out of yet. He takes his seatbelt off but remains still on his seat, looking out at the place where his father currently lives.

He *doesn't want* to go in there, but that matters very little. Will is the only thing important right now, and he *has* to check for himself that he isn't in there.

Jonathan has known for many years what a piece of shit his father is, but Will hasn't realized that completely yet. He still believes that his dad cares about them and is a lot quicker to forgive him and his abandonment, but Jonathan knows better. He has known better for a *long* time. The only people Jonathan loves and cares about in this world are Will, his mom and you— and his father will never come back to that picture.

"Do you want me to come with you?" You ask softly, and he shakes his head immediately.

"Getting to meet you is a privilege, and he doesn't deserve it." He turns towards you and finds you looking at him with a soft, loving expression on your face and a tiny pout on your lips.

"Come here." You say before grabbing the sides of his face, pulling him towards you so you can kiss him.

You're *so good* at this, he can't help but think. Not kissing him—

though you're certainly talented in that aspect– but channeling all your emotions and feelings for him in the seconds that you keep your lips connected, almost energizing him and making him feel that it doesn't matter if things don't go right because *he has you*, and you're going to be with him whenever he needs you to be to support him and hold his hand through all this mess.

"I love you." He whispers when you finally separate your lips from his but you don't pull away from him– instead you rest your forehead against his and bury your fingers in the hair at the back of his neck.

"I'll be right here when you're done." You say, kissing him one last time before returning to your seat. Jonathan feels the loss of your presence against him immediately, and it almost feels as if his body temperature drops in just a second.

"I won't be long. Promise." He looks at you longingly one last time because staying here with you is infinitely better than seeing his asshole of a father again– but this is for Will and he has to do it. He takes a deep breath and opens the car door, feeling the rain on his face the moment he gets out.

You watch Jonathan march up the stairs that lead to his father's front door feeling a mixture of pride because of how decided and strong he looks as he walks, and nervousness because his father has always meant pain, anger and sadness for him.

You see a woman opening the door and shortly after Jonathan lets himself in rather strongly– and then the woman yells after him for a moment before returning to close the door and you can't see anything anymore.

You take a deep breath and run your fingers through your hair before opening your window just enough so the air can change a little but you don't get wet because of the rain, and look around the car to see if there's something you can do while you wait for him to return. You open the glove compartment but only find the empty plastic wrappers you put there just days ago and a few cassettes with songs you don't really like.

You open your bag and search around until you come up with a half-eaten bag of Skittles. You throw your bag on the backseat and get a bunch of them in your hand, and start eating them slowly one by one.

You rest your head on the glass as you chew on the candy thinking that *maybe* it *could* be possible that Will is here and then everything would be solved and Joyce and Jonathan would be happy again but... you know that's not going to be the case.

Lonnie already told Joyce over the phone that Will isn't here and judging by everything Jonathan has told you about him, he would not lie about that– he would've sent him back home immediately. That is why you know Jonathan will be returning alone and probably emotionally drained.

As you tilt your head back and get the last Skittles on your mouth the front door of the house opens abruptly and you see Jonathan storming off, but there's no one behind him. Not his father, not the woman that opened the door and *certainly* not Will.

You throw the empty package in the glove compartment while reminding yourself that you need to clean all the trash you put there already, and Jonathan opens the car door with excessive force and throws his satchel on the backseat before sitting down and closing the door again angrily. He fastens his seatbelt and turns on the engine without saying a word, and just a few seconds later you're already two blocks away.

"Jonathan..." You say, swallowing thickly. He's riled up and his hands are shaking, which means that things didn't go very well.

"Just– *please* wait until we get out of this place. I want to get out of here as soon as possible." He says without even looking at you, jaw clenched as his hands grip the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles turn white.

"Okay, baby. Just remember that I'm right here with you and I love you." His demeanor visibly changes at your words, but he's still incredibly tense.

It isn't until you're miles away from Lonnie's house and there are only trees around you that Jonathan makes a turn to his left on a dirt road and drives into the woods far enough that you can't see the highway anymore but it's still pretty easy to go back. He stops the car while you simply look at him— giving him space to figure out what he wants and what he needs right now.

Just as you're about to speak, his face morphs into something *dark*, and before you know it he's slamming his hands against the steering wheel angrily.

"Fucking asshole!" He yells repeatedly, and you're so shocked at his outburst that it takes you a couple of seconds to react. You take your seatbelt off and grab his forearms to stop him from hurting himself, and he turns to look at you with tear stained cheeks and red, puffy eyes. "*I hate him.*" He tells you in the most broken whisper, and you feel your heart breaking for him. You let go of his arms and maneuver yourself until you're straddling his lap, and he immediately latches onto you and buries his face on your chest as his body trembles with his sobs.

"I know, baby. I know. I'm here. He can't hurt you now." You soothe, caressing his wet hair and pressing a kiss on the top of his head.

"He talked about my mom, [Y/N]. Said she wasn't good. How did he *dare* to say that? He abandoned us when we most needed him and he acts as if he cares about us. I hate him so much."

"Shhh darling, it's fine. You know he's a manipulative asshole and your mom is such an incredible person— just because he says something it doesn't make it true. His words have no value because he's worthless." Jonathan holds you tighter and you feel him nodding against your body.

"I'm so happy I have you. I don't know what I would do without you." He whispers, sniffing. You pry him away from you and dry his tears with your thumbs before leaning forward and joining your lips together in a soft kiss.

"Without me you would still be an amazing, strong, beautiful person because that's who you are, Jonathan. You're so wonderful and I'm

thankful every day for having you in my life.” He stares at you intensely for a moment before biting his lip.

“He doesn’t care that Will is missing. He looked at me and insulted my mom, acted like he cared, but he doesn’t. We don’t know where Will is or if something bad happened to him and he’s just *there*, acting as if nothing’s wrong.”

You wish you knew what to say to make everything better and make all of his pain disappear but the truth is, you don’t. Will is missing and you can’t tell for sure that you’re going to find him, no matter how much you’re going to work for it and how much you want that to happen. You simply *don’t know* what the future will bring, so you can’t assure Jonathan of anything because you would be lying– and that makes you feel horribly helpless.

“I’m here for you always, Jonathan. Always.” You say, grabbing both sides of his face and looking into his eyes in hopes that he will understand what you’re trying to convey with your words.

I’m here. I won’t leave you. I’ll be strong for the both of us when you feel you can’t be anymore.

Jonathan shuts his eyes tightly, making two tears roll down his cheeks and holds your hands tightly in place.

“I know.” He whispers, letting out a shuddering breath. “I just need you to kiss me right now.” You don’t waste any time and bring his face to yours so you can connect your lips together, and Jonathan lets go of your hands to wrap his arms tightly around your waist instead.

It seems as if he’s completely surrendered to you– his body is relaxed and you have complete control of the kiss. He only lets out tiny whimpers and moans once in a while, and his hands grip the fabric of your t-shirt as he presses your chest against his. You keep going for who knows how long, until you finally pull away completely breathless.

Jonathan falls back into the seat with eyes glazed over and a distant expression on his face– chest heaving with his labored breathing. You lean forward again and press soft kisses all over his face, and he

whimpers and exposes his neck to you– showing you where he wants to be kissed next. You lick, bite and suck on his skin while he gets his hands underneath your t-shirt and starts caressing your back with his warm hands.

“You’re everything to me.” You whisper against his skin right before biting softly.

“Yo– *ah!* You too. I love you.”

“I think it will be best if I drive the rest of the way home.” You suggest, and Jonathan nods before searching for your mouth. You kiss again for some time as his hands continue roaming your body until you *know* you have to stop and get going. “Let’s go then.” You say, opening the car door before you climb off his lap and get out so he can switch seats.

Once he does you quickly get inside again and shut the door, rubbing your arms to get rid of the gooseflesh that the cold raindrops and the wind left in your bare skin. You see Jonathan putting his seatbelt on and you do the same, and reach for the ignition to start the car.

“You okay?” You ask Jonathan as you look behind you to get the car out of that place.

“I will be. Thank you.” He answers with a small smile, drying his tears.

When you’re on your way home again, you look to the side only to find Jonathan asleep on his seat. He looks peaceful and calm– the absolute opposite of how he’s been the last few hours. You continue driving in silence because you know he needs to rest, at least until you finally enter Hawkins again.

“Jonathan, baby.” You say, shaking his leg softly. He stirs and opens his eyes slowly, looking around and out the window sleepily until he realizes where you are. “We’re back in Hawkins.” You clarify, and he nods as his mouth opens wide in a yawn.

“Do you want to switch? I can drive to your house.” Jonathan offers, but you shake your head because not only you’re pretty close already

but also because he still seems to be half asleep. He nods and looks out the window without saying anything else– until you feel his hand prying yours away from the steering wheel so he can lock his fingers with yours. You turn to look at him but he's still looking out the window as his thumb caresses your skin softly.

You know things are tough right now and you don't know whether they'll get better or even *tougher*– but what you know *without a doubt* is that you will walk through it right next to Jonathan, holding his hand.